

*Iailor.* Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity  
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

*Enter Daughter.*

When that shall be scene, I tender my consent.

*Woocr.* I have Sir; here shee comes.

*Iailor.* Your Friend and I have chanced to name  
You here, upon the old business: But no more of that,  
Now, so soone as the Court hurly is over, we will  
Have an end of it: I th meane time looke tenderly  
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

*Daugh.* These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they  
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I  
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adversity  
Asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and  
They have all the world in their Chamber.

*Iailor.* They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

*Daugh.* By my troth, I think Fame but flatters 'em, they  
Stand a greife above the reach of report. *(doers.)*

*Iai.* I heard them reported in the Battaille, to be the only

*Daugh.* Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I  
Mervaille how they would have lookd had they beene  
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce  
A freedome out of Bondage, making misery their  
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at.

*Iailor.* Doe they so?

*Daugh.* It seemes to me they have no more sence of their  
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate  
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things,  
But nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters:  
Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as twer  
I th deliverance, will breake from one of them,  
When the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke,  
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,  
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

*Woocr.* I never saw 'em.

*Iailor.* The Duke himselfe came privately in the night;

*Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.*

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know

Know not: Looke yonder they are; the  
*Arcite* lookes out.

*Daugh.* No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*  
Lower of the twaine; you may perceiue  
Of him.

*Iai.* Goe too, leave your pointing;  
Make us their object; out of their sight.

*Daugh.* It is a holliday to looke  
Differre of men.

Scena 2. *Enter Palamon, and*

*Pal.* How doe you Noble Cosen?

*Arcite.* How doe you Sir?

*Pal.* Why strong enough to laugh at  
And beare the chance of warre yet, w  
I feare for ever Cosen.

*Arcite.* I beleeve it,  
And to that destiny have patiently  
Laide up my houre to come.

*Pal.* Oh Cosen *Arcite*,  
Where is *Thebes* now? where is our  
Where are our friends, and kindreds?  
Must we behold those comforts, never  
The hardy youthes strive for the Gan  
(Hung with the painted favours of th  
Like tall Ships under saile: then start a  
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all beh  
Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* a  
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg  
Out-strip the peoples praises, won th  
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours.  
Shall we two exercise, like *Twyns* of I  
Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry  
Like proud Seas under us, our good S  
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r  
Bravishd our sides, like age must run  
And decke the Temples of those god